

PineLake House House Harriers

BECAUSE LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO DRINK CHEAP BEER

Run #999C

Afterbirth & Super Duper Pooper Scooper

07/15/06

Da Hounds: Little Willie ☉ Hung & Harry ☉ Shiggy Pitts ☉ Jamaican Me Horny ☉ Square Meat ☉ Short Stump ☉ Bubbette ☉ Josh (2x) ☉ One Ball ☉ Snail Trail ☉ Judy Thessen (virgin) ☉ Testiclees ☉ Toothless Beaver ☉ Canucklehead ☉ Anal Fissure ☉ Rat's Ass

To emulate Davey, "We put the 'sea' in 999C." OK, so it's a lake, but it's a big damn lake. Yep, our hares made us drive thousands of miles so we could enjoy the beauty that is Lake Lanier. It was a hot and steamy day, but that didn't deter **Testiclees** (who?) from driving the convertible Caddy with the pimpin' white-walls, you know, to show the newbies who's still the boss.

As expected, the location limited the turnout a bit but sometimes a small pack is more fun. Especially when a virgin shows up. Seems **Just Judy** ran into Yoron Weed and others at the Black Sheep Hash On-After the week before and was (easily) convinced that hashing is for her. Well, we shall see, shan't we.

After thoroughly confusing Judy with several versions of chalk-talk, the hares released the hounds (more like a herd of turtles). We trotted down the road until finally hitting part of the trail system that the state of Georgia so conveniently set up just for us. Following the track of the 'Hooch, we headed down, down, down



..... fully aware that we would eventually have to go back up. But that's another story for another trash.

Details of the trail are a bit sketchy, mainly because there was little variation – not that I'm sayin' that's a bad thing! I mean the single-track was great and easy to run on, but they all started to blend together. For the most part, we hugged the edge of the Hooch as the hares were seemingly taunting us with a potential swim.

But after the much needed and much appreciated water stop, trail started to move away from the river and towards high ground. Just before the massive ascent, we daintily traipsed through what would have been a nice little swamp had we had any rain recently.

And then came the hill. I recall hearing, "I got out of bed and drove all the way up here for THIS?" and "Fuck zem hares!" and "I told you were gonna have to up again." Ahhh, but once up top on the ridge, it was a quick and easy run on double-track On-In to the end. The hill brought the pack together nicely, with only a few stragglers coming in behind us. That is, except for **Bubbette**. Nowhere to be seen. And is that thunder I hear rumbling in the not-so-distant distance? **Afterbirth**, being the chivalrous stud that he is, ran the trail backwards in search for our missing harriette all the way to the water stop but to no avail. Then the rains came.

The vicious storm came out of nowhere with winds so strong that **Snail Trail** thought it was a hurricane (well, she meant tornado but couldn't think of the word). Since we had several vehicles, the hares took some of the pack back to the start and Down-Downs were abandoned (boo, hiss). But then, fortune smiled upon us and the storm passed just as the pack -- sans **Shiggy Pitts** who didn't feel like dying that day -- returned with cars and Bubbette (yay!).

And so Down-Downs proceeded (yay again!). In the time-honored tradition of small pack Down-Downs, everyone drank for every conceivable Rule 6 violation and in case you're wondering, **Just Judy** did just fine and promised to return for another hash. All in all, a fine job by the hares and worth the drive up!

Scribe: Rat's Ass

